

DIARY OF A MAD SMUGGLER

aka IJK

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1. Phil quits his job and moves west per the old man's instructions.

Sharon and the kids come too.

First meets Jack who becomes friend and connection

2. Tries legitimate business

(market research and then cruise, all in a short period of time, but consulting he'd done before)

3. Get's into trouble financially and tries smoke as a temporary means of relieving stress. (this after a 7 year layoff from the stuff).

3.1 Finances improve again.

3.2 Meets Vaughn the pastor that came to Jack's house to conduct Bible study,

4. Realizes he's got the capital to make a big buy and does some "research" to find who the big boys are.

5. Get's in touch with the big boys, who invite him to get in on the action.

5.1 makes trip to mexico to get the stuff

5.2 starts affair with Jill (his friend Jack's wife)

6. Get's found out by his friend Vaughn (the pastor) who says he's going to turn Phil in.

7. Phil kills Vaughn to silence him.

7.1 Phil get's religion and a demon is excercised at the revival

7.2 Goes back to work selling cruises to hospitals, companies etc

reaffirms his republican party affiliation, quits smoking and goes straight, this is very short lived.

8. Caught by police after Sharon turns him in, (because she's found out about his affair. She survives his attempt at hiring some guys to hit her before she can testify in court., (she miraculously survives the attempt and never finds out that he was trying to "hit" her, but turns him on other grounds/infidelity).

8.1 Held without bail.

9. Goes on trial and is found guilty.

10. Led away to jail for good.

11. Killed in Jail and his head is presented to the inmate gang leader on a platter, during a prison riot, as a peace offering by the warden to quell the violence.

DON'T KILL PHIL OFF, SO THAT HE CAN BE USED IN ANOTHER BOOK IF NECC., ESP. ONE UTILIZING NOTES I HAVE ON HAND (Just change his name)

THE ENTROPY AND THE ECSTASY

I like living where I do", said Phil, ""It's near my children."

"Isn't that awkward", said the interviewer, "I mean being near your ex-wife's house and having to deal with her."

"I don't mind", Phil said, "I'll always be in love with her, no matter what she thinks and I want the best for my kids, so that means I want the best for her too."

The interviewer looked surprised. "Well shoot, then why don't you two get back together, it sounds like you can save your marriage."

Phil wasn't so sure it could be saved, he hadn't been the most faithful guy in the world since their seperation, he hadn't even waited for the divorce to be final before he started fooling around.

That's between "she and me", said Phil in a poor imitation of a Bogart voice - there was no way he wanted to get into the details of his marriage, divorce or love life. As soon as they had seperated, he had begun hanging out in bars and playing the field as well as only hiring women now in hopes of a liason.

Phil had come to the conclusion that religious people from all backgrounds were equally bloodthirsty.

Sharon had flipped out the night before over him wanting to go smoke with a friend during an interfamily Ucher game.

Smoking was like going for a long relaxing drive a long road. The difference was that you didn't need to leave your chair to do it. "Lazy man, lazy, that's what you are", Sharon said as she saw Phil drag the shelves up the front steps of the house. "Damn things must weigh 35 pounds a piece", said Phil as he hauled the three boxes inside.

DON'T PLACE AN ORDER WITH THE NEW WORLD ORDER

(DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE)

What if boiled down to is that he wasn't going to make many more appologees and he wasn't going to let anyone tell hime what to do - period.

He told the marriage counselor that he did some of his little "things", because he thought it would help keep their marriage alive. Unfortunately Sharon didn't always see the humor in his attempts and she saw what Phil was doing as playing mind games.

"You've changed so much, you're just not the same person that I married!", Sharon told Phil and the marriage counselor.

"I think I'm basically the same", Phil responded, "you may be a better judge of it than me, but I'm not going to let you be the judge, the man upstairs is the only one that really knows what's inside of either of us - he'll judge."

"I'm like you", Phil said to Sharon, "I just want to have my cake and eat it too." She was not impressed by his homespun wisdom. "I'll settle for less than that though, will you Phil?", her question unsettled him.

"Babe, I'm not trying to mess you up, but I'm planning on doing things my way for now on and no one's gonna stop me except with a bullet or something, this is declaration of Independence time! I hope that you'll stay by my side, but that's the way it's gonna be. I'm going back to my African roots or whatever you want to call it, but I'm coming out of my shell and praying to the God in Heaven that I do the right thing."

He believed that with a little bit of help from above, he might be able to survive the aches, pains and unseen ailments that he was beginning to suffer from and live till he was 100 years old. Really though, 50 years would be a pretty realistic life expectancy for him - if he didn't start eating less and living more healthfully. "Heck with a little help from above, I might even be cured from some of these pains."

"If there's a God who will save me if I believe in him in spite of my screwing up on an almost continual basis, then I should be okay - if not then I'm screwed."

Sharon was not impressed, "lighten up or at practice what you preach", she reminded him.

"Yeah, I'll come right out and say it. "I think that women and blacks are more emotional than white men and furthermore there are a lot more differences than that, but I won't mention any more. Call me racist or prejudice or whatever, I'm just speaking my mind! And you know what, you can't take it when I speak my mind! In fact it looks like you're getting ready to take a swing at me right now", Phil woke up with a start - another dream.

You always have to worried if you're really willing to speak your mind. "I could say one thing that I believe about blacks, women, left wing whites, right wing whites, asians and get my self killed."

"you never know where it's coming from said Vaughn, "so you can't worry about it, just say what you think about anyone or anything, you might not live as long, but you'll be a better off man for it."

"Just like me saying, I think that whites are generally smarter than blacks", Vaughn spoke, "I demand the right to be able to say that becasause I believe that and I am not ashamed of believing it."

By now Phil would have been shocked, if he didn't know Vaughn better.

"I also believe that blacks are superior to whites physically and that they should not be ashamed of it, in fact I think they're proud of it", Vaughn was verbally on a roll.

"And both races and everyone else has the right to his own beliefs about who he is, who his people are and who God is", that's the main thing I think that we need government for, just to ensure us the free excersise of those rights."

"I don't want a government that guarantees me or anyone else a free ride. Let's get rid of welfare now and deal with the consequences now, let's not pass this curse on to our children to have to tackle, let's take the leadership and be the generation that does it! Just guarantee everyone the right to do their own thing without interference from anyone - if and when they directly hurt someone else while doing this then prosecute them!" The basis of Vaughns platform, would be in it's simplest form , "no free ride and freedom of choice."

In addition, regarding trade with Japan, the Individuality party would not blame Japan and we would have the policy that it's no-body's fault but ours even though we can find lots of offensives to American ethics in the way the Japanese have conducted business with America. However! Since we have gotten ourselves into this mess, we must take very strong measures to get our selves out of this hole and that means definite quotas on Japanese goods and other actions at least until we are back on our feet and prospering! This is just basic self defense on a national economic level, in Phil's opinion this was just common sense. Phil liked the Japanese on a personal and business level, since he had found them as

honorable as any Americans that he had delt with, and since he had gotten into the consulting business, practically everyone was ethically cleaner than him.

Phil looked up at Vaughn and laughed, "and you'll probably change your mind on all this tomorrow anyway."

"Yeah, I might", Vaughn reacted defensively, "and if I do that's my right too!"

"As of now, I'm going to tell you guys the platform for the new "Individuality Party", Vaughn announced.

"I'm going to take on unfair Japanese trade practices head on and as a consultant to them Phil, your're just the guy to help me do it - if the public can forgive you for working for them."

Ordinarily Phil would have been raked with guilt and not wanted to discuss the subject, but today was different. He had just sworn off guilt and laid the burden down at Jesus's feet and asked for forgiveness and for Jesus to come into his life and give him the strength to stop consulting and work to succeed in some other job.

He hasn't sure if he should just quit immediately or else phase it out quickly so that they wouldn't go broke and loose their home and other property.

Phil was guilty of working for the Japanese as a consultant and giving them market information to help them sell in the U.S.A., he had thus hurt American business and certain Americans on an individual basis, he knew he was accountable to these people and to the country. With his background of working for the Japanese, he knew a little about them and he didn't think that they were hatching some conspiracy to ruling or taking over the U.S.A. in any way, he thought instead that they just wanted full equality with Americans in terms of world power and prestige. These notions by Japan were in a lot of ways very threatening sounding to many Americans and possible rightly so. In fact Phil acknowledged that he could be entirely wrong about the Japanese and though he doubted it, he admitted that it could be a Japanese conspiracy.

In any case - as for the consultant job, he would have to get out of it and do so as quickly as was realistically possible, it was just not right.

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"Remember that one person can make a difference", Vaughn didn't say it, Phil just heard it coming from the radio as his friend rambled on.

"Talent on loan from God, we think that it's okay that you're saying that", said the caller on the talk radio show.

"I wonder what those callers would think of your ideas", Phil asked Vaughn, "I don't know", Vaughn replied without much concern, "It probably would depend on if they think that overall "I'm going their way or someone else's."

Just then there was a crash at the door and a SWAT team in green camouflage outfits broke in through the old wooden door.

"Okay, where's the weed!", the leader shouted as he burst in.

"Where's your brains!", Vaughn screamed back. It was not a good time to come crashing in on Vaughn, and not a good time to say that to Sgt. Spike.

"I don't say decriminalize pot", said Phil, "I'm only saying that from my own self interest I'd like to not have to worry about going to jail." "I'm not saying decriminalize it unless that's what society as a large democratic decides."

For now on Phil was going to be a lot more selective about the types of consulting projects he did.

He'd also leave the big cruise ship poster up in his office all the time, unless he had a Japanese client come over regarding market research and that had never happened in his four years of being in business for himself.

Maybe it would inspire him or help drum up cruise sale business. Whenever anyone came to his office, he could tell them that he was an agent for the thirty-five largest pleasure cruise companies in the world.

His goal was to phase out the market research as soon as possible especially the most worst types of projects, which he would not do anymore. He would also work hard on selling cruises, their income would probably drop and it would be okay if it did, but he was hoping to somehow have even a better year than the last.

He hoped that Sharon would not have to work, but she had said that she would do so readily if necessary and that was a relief at the moment.

Do the youngsters, especially the blacks know that some of those expensive basketball and tennis shoes are made in China, BY SLAVE LABOR.

In the long run, in almost every disagreement that we have, deep down inside, you think that you can claim the moral high ground for yourself and that leaves nothing left for us to discuss. "Well I'm here to tell you that you can take your moral high ground and keep it to yourself for now on because I will search for my own."

"You and everyone else can just stop saying, 'yeah, yeah, yeah, we hear what you're saying, but you don't know what your're talking about', cause I'm not listening anymore, I'll make my own decisions right ones and wrong ones."

For now on he'd say, "I'm sorry", few times and far between.

"I'm not 100% sure that I'm on the right side of the battle", Vaughn said, "but I'm 100% sure that I want to be on that side."

Sharon felt sure that Vaughn had truly snapped this time. "He thinks he's Jesus", she muttered. Vaughn heard this and replied, "no way", but I believe he's coming back and it's his side that I hope and pray that I'm on." I'd be real happy just to carry his dirty clothes.

Phil had to keep reminding himself to relax and to settle down, stop worrying. He had declared his independence from the world and now he could just live his life instead of spending all of his time being careful not to do anything to offend others. The task now was to just do it and do it right!

As far as smoking, he'd do it as little as possible, but he'd be the absolute decider of that in his life, as long as he didn't go to jail over it. That was the thing that he resented the most about the laws governing it and why that was one U.S. law that he wouldn't obey. You might say it was a case of whose ox was getting gored, but you could say that about the people on both sides of the issue.

Now he was getting a little bit of it for a friend and he was trying to decide whether or not to keep a pinch for himself as a little undiscussed payment for his middleman roll. He was on his way to meet this same friend and Phil had a little bit with him and that brought up the second question. Should he give the friend a pinch hit of it now.

He knew that his buddy would only want one or two at the most so he decided to do it. This also made him feel like he was doing something to equal out the pinch he planned to take when he got it for Dan. All around a "greener" way of doing it, which was a bit surprising coming from a regular

listener to the Number One conservative radio talk show in the world.

As it turned out the scenario unfolded perfectly, he shared a little with Dan and then Dan asked him to get him a little bit more. "I'll give you a nice pinch out of mine when I get it", Dan said.

Another thing Phil didn't want was for anyone to say they feel sorry for him. He didn't want anyone's sympathy or their forced cures.

"I have an idea for a program that would create thousands of jobs and help save thousands of lives", Vaughn said. It will be like the Job Corps of the 1930's, it can put thousands of people back to work and help stop traffic deaths, from people hitting trees, poles and other objects from the side of the road."

"Yeah, we'll offer these unemployed people fair paying jobs for removing trees, poles, fences or anything that's closer than 200 feet from any road and that could cause a serious accident.

People wouldn't have to take the jobs, but at least it would be an opportunity for people on public assistance to get back to work if they feel they need to for their own self-respect or any other reason. Low skilled people would fit in great, but so would highly skilled laborers and office workers that want to experience the thrill of using a chain saw.

And for the nature lovers, important trees could all be saved as long as they had protective barriers around them to prevent drivers from being killed in crashes. The job of clearing the sides in 200 feet from all roads would be hopelessly impractical because of houses and buildings that are in many areas less than 200 feet away, so that would only be a guideline. The main thing would be to make roadways everywhere safer since running into such objects may be the highest cause of single car crash fatalities.

Even if kept small in scope, this could take years and provide gainful employment to millions and a most valuable service to the public at the same time. The lives saved would be such a longterm benefit to society that the project would inevitably be worth it's cost.

Phil was going to try to sell the consulting business for \$250,000. He felt different about selling his consulting business, than his father would feel about selling his. His father's business carried the family name in the company name, while Phil's name was not in his company name, GLOBE CONSULTING. Also Phil did a lot more things in his business that he was not proud of than his father did in his.

"I don't think that blacks are inferior and I don't dislike them, but I won't apologize for thinking about self defense. I have the right to protect my family and myself from anybody, black, white or whoever if I think they might try to hurt us", Phil told Vaughn this. He didn't go as far as Vaughn in his prejudices, but he did believe that blacks were more likely in some ways to threaten his family and in other ways whites were more threatening. Phil wasn't a bit shy in telling anyone who asked, that he would do his best "to let em have it", if they messed with his family - whoever they were.

"Women cause enough damage at home, I sure don't think that we can afford to have them in the workplace too", Vaughn's ideas were as usual 'just about off-the-wall' and Phil did

not agree with him.

You can see everything traumatic that happens to you as a downer, or you can learn from each experience. You can find opportunity in the hardest times, by trying just a little harder and learning to do things a little smarter. That a way an economic recession or depression probably won't 'clean you out', instead you'll be Johnny on the spot when an opportunity to dig your way out and maybe get ahead comes along."

Like at GC, Phil was seeing that business conditions were changing dramatically and that he might get hurt if he continued doing his consulting. So he could feel depressed over the probable loss of this good paying job, or he could thank God that he was getting a little push to help him make the move.

Also he noticed a lot of great job possibilities that God had laid out in front of him. All of them were "cleaner ethically" and all had enough income potential to sustain them.

He would continue branching out into new fields of entrepreneurship. He had the consulting which he definitely wanted to phase out as soon as possible. He had two nice

rental properties and hoped to get some more. He liked owning real estate, it was a "real" thing and come tough times, the equity in them would probably be worth more to his family than stocks, bonds or other assets that are represented by paper. Sure there was a company behind the stock or bond, but would it be around in 10 years and would it still be worth much. In the present recession, Phil knew

that a lot of companies would go under and some of those might lose the pension funds of their elderly pensioners.

"Yeah, but none of us might be here in ten years anyway and even if you're here the mobs will take your house and money anyway", Sharon said.

Phil heard her but went on, "Yeah, I'll get into selling cruises and then package vacations and then finally make a million writing." That was what he really wanted to do most of all anyway. He loved having his own office too, it was like a headquarters and he sometimes imagined being Philip Marlowe from the Humphrey Bogart movies instead of Phil Glencoe, the kid from New Jersey. In his own office he could kick back and put his feet up on his desk or shadow box or exercise with the stereo on loud, or basically

do whatever he wanted to to - this was to him one of the best benefits of being self employed. The worst part of it was that in his present consulting job, he was nothing but a con man.

He had to figure out ways of making money that didn't bother his conscience and he was thinging about it a lot. Finally another bright ideacop came to him.

That's what he'd do, he'd start a branch of GC in Japan and

collect information on the Japanese market for his U.S.

clients. In a way, he'd be like the trading companies, in

that he'd collect information and also he'd be a sales agent for them. He'd just reverse the coin, he'd have an office in Japan that was supervised by an English speaker who knew how to speak Japanese and he'd have it staffed by Japanese. He'd use his U.S. office as a base for selling this service to U.S. companies. He knew what information the U.S. companies would need to crack Japanese markets and he'd get it for them at a price.

"Do you mind if I read more of your work", Sharon asked.

"We don't talk to each other enough and this way I'll know what on your mind", she laughed, "you should already know whats on my mind, because I tell you." She didn't think he'd make much money if any writing, but it was an interesting concept.c

"I don't mind, go ahead and read anything, just take it all with a grain of salt", he was glad that she wanted to read it, this way they really would be able to communicate better. Sharon was right about her telling him what she really wanted and what she really thought, she was just a very verbally oriented person and he wasn't. So if they didn't do something to improve their communication they would never really understand much about each other.

Reading his short stories would be the ideal way to communicate with her and about her. He wasn't as effective putting thoughts and feelings into words as he would like to be, so whenever they got into a serious discussion or an argument, his tongue didn't always project what he really meant to say. The darn thing would just run off at the mouth and get him in trouble before he even knew what had happened. When he wrote things, he had more time to think them out, so his thoughts were more likely to come out right.

"If you need to keep scrunching up your face in order to feel all your parts working then do it", that was one thing Phil had figured out today while smoking. Nothing profound, not even remotely, but smoking helped him to feel the parts of his body moving and working like a machine. A not so well oiled machine at this time. As an out of shape 35 year old, he noticed a few kinks and catches in his joints. By excersising his face and learning how to hold his jaw, Phil thought he could breath and hear better. Unfortunately he

looked a little strange when he experimented with his body parts in public. Some folks get offended when they see kid's doing this - much less an adult. Phil didn't care anymore, he was going to do what he wanted to and stop letting anyone make his decisions for him any more.

"Yeah, I'll even start using that big front mollar to set my jaw so it will jut out like a movie star", Phil was thinking to himself more than a little in jest. Smoking pot usually made him "feel" more in touch with his body and he believed that he could tell that he could hear better and generally feel better when he jutted his lower jaw out as far a possible, like a full blown Hapsburg jaw.

Phil wondered sometimes about who he was as far as what his role in the everlasting theater of life and it was hard for him to know which member of the cast of characters he was. He really hoped that he could be a prophet of the good word and even a very minor one would be a great honor. He also hoped that he was not a prophet of evil and that if he were that he would be quickly struck down before he could do much damage.

THE NAIL THAT STICKS UP GETS HAMMERED

(Picture of Phil's head in a row of nails and a hammer coming down)

It seemed quite possible that God would make the world so orderly and at the same time so incomprehenisble. Why would he reveal his truth to a bunch of Hebrew desert dwellers and make it so uncomfortable for other nationalities to believe this truth.

It obviously was a little tougher for a Hindu or Moslem to believe that Jesus was the only true son of God born of a virgin. Especially when their nations often warred with the Christians and Jews. And why would God make it seemingly more difficult for hundreds of generations of people from Africa, China and elsewhere to get to heaven if as the Christians said, you have to accept Jesus and these people for two thousand years had not heard his name.

Oh well, Phil thought, if that what God says, then it must be so. After all the two thousand or so years of people not having a chance to hear his name might just be a drop in the bucket of time. Maybe in the future so many people from these nations would know Christ, that the hundreds of millions that the "know it alls" said were condemned to eternal damnation would be an insignificant number.

Still it seemed that there might be other interpretations of the Bible that were possible, especially in view of the teachings of such people as Armstrong who held that the King James version was possibly mistranslated when it came to such important words as hell. You ought to just accept that you were lucky to be born in a Christian nation and do your best to enlighten the unbelievers said Vaughn. Phil scratched his head and pondered.

Phil told Vaughn, musicians should be more publically responsible. Music is really the "peoples" art more than anything else. So many young people are affected by music so much, they practically worship it. Painting, photography, dance and other forms are mostly esteemed by more mature people that aren't likely to do crazy things based on the feelings aroused by their art. Even a Maplethorpe exhibit is not quite as likely to cause someone to go off the deep end as easily as a rock song.

It seems to me that you'd be hard pressed to sell a religion like orthodox Christianity to people that revere their ancestors, like the Japanese and others. They are going to find the message rather strange, that all of their ancestors are burning in hell eternally, because they did not believe in a savior that they never heard of.

It's like them trying to scare people from thinking, debat=

ing, discussing ideas or writing. They say that if your ideas are not approved by them, then you are probably a false prophet or antiChrist. Then end result is that people are often afraid to ask any questions or use their mind at all. Christianity obviously should be able to hold up to scrutiny.. Granted we may not understand everything in God's word, or be capable of such understanding, but do not crucify us for not not accepting all of your "pat" answers as the Gospel.

As far as protecting democracy in our hemisphere, we're probably going to have to make a stand somewhere and defend it somewhere sometime. By having the Latin Americans fight each other are we selfishly putting off the inevitable to save another generation of American boys, by having people who generally may not give a damn kill each other. Phil said, "for once in my life I'd like to do something brave, just send me out and I'll fight for you General, with or without my knee operation, just send me out" maybe it's right, maybe it's not, but if going there now saves my son's generation from having to sacrifice themselves, then I'm ready to go, even if it doesn't solve anything, but just gives them some time."

Phil as usual had a tear in his eye, Sharon might or might not, he did not know cause he couldn't look at her. The segment of 20/20 was about a Unitarian minister and his books about life such as All he knows he learned in kindergarten or something like that. Phil was touched and of course in his mind couldn't imagine how anyone else couldn't be. But then it all depends on where you're sitting to view something. As soon as the words Unitarian minister came out of Barbara Wlaters mouth, the man undoubtably lost a world of credibility in many peoples opnions, probably in Sharons(just as a tent show evangelist would to an agnostic). To Phil it seemed a statement

of the obvious, just as the previous segment on the man disconnecting his comatose son from a respirator was, just as the ministers analogy of our lives being like the life of the itty bitty spider going up the water spout and it's being washed down and it's trying again the next day when the sun comes out. It was all so perverse and all so simple and all so incomprehensible when we sit on opposite sides of the fence struggling like the car commercial that came on next, for the infinite quest for perfection.

Just learn from the kids when you can phil said, they sometimes know the answer to how to conduct ourselves, when

we don't. They take the natural course of action, while we

often do what we think the people around us want us to do.

Not just in how to behave, but also in how to do things like walk and breath. Phill notice that Tyler always seemed to be pulling himself up tall and filling his lungs with a big blast of air. Just what he needed to face the giants he was surrounded by. Phil didn't recall many elderly people doing this, but the ones he'd seen were the most vibrant looking.

Phil also decided that he had to be as brutally honest as possible with the kids. So far he had tiptoed on the line of the truth and lies touching down often. He had to take responsibility for his decision to do the things he currently believed in like smoking and at least admit to his frailties to his children, even if it might not be the best thing to do. He still had to do what he thought was best and not some government or church prescribed law, just the 10 commandments

Vaughn's knee was feeling better since he smoked the weed. It still felt out of joint, but he was able to pull his foot up on his other knee and make it pop back in easier. Previously he had had so much trouble doing that, that he was considering having his knee operated on, now he didn't think he'd have to look into it. Vaughn (player that is same as Vaughn Van Lin Mar) always noticed improvements in his body and mind when he smoked just a little. But he eventually burns out from getting too much of a good thing.

He just had to be more assertive in the next year and go after the good things that he wanted. On the other hand, maybe he'd also try to get high a few times and maybe write more. That was the only way he was going to possibly achieve the goal he'd set in the resolution he'd told at the

new years eve party. Hell, I'll just wait till I catch cancer from something in my food or in the air and then I can ask to have weed prescribed to me.

Vaughn was going to run on a platform, of taking the vote away from all women and from all men on public assistance. He reasoned that although the both might go completely nuts at the thought of someone mentioning this, it was the way things should be. Society would be better off not having these groups voting, for a number of very good reasons.

New years resolution for Phil, to start being a man. Despite the cliché sound of it, he thought it to be the most important thing. Stand up to Sharon, she might respect him for it she might divorce him for it, but he was resolving to do it. Women are fickle despite what they'd have us all believe. She might like him being the "man" of the house and being the undisputed leader. He knew he needed her advice and that he should take what she says very seriously, but he had had enough of being the subordinate under the law of the U.S.A. It was also time he thought as Vaughn had been telling him for a change in government. The only way to remove women's power over men and to eliminate the power of those permanently on public assistance was to vote them out or run them out. He didn't want to be treasonous, but that's what the current leaders who are kept in power by these two groups would call him. This in spite of the fact that when the republic was formed, women were not allowed to vote and there was no public assistance in the form of what there is today. With women alone over half of the voting population, there was no way to vote them out unless by their fickleness or wisdom they would vote themselves out of power. If that was the case, it wouldn't be necessary for the men to overthrow them. All that was necessary would be for the men in the army to do what the army in Romainia and elsewhere had done. Then the cheap politicians would change their tune and vote sanity instead of the will of their illegal constituents. The 70's and 80's were the decades of women's lib, well as Phil and Vaughn saw it, the 90's would be the decade of men's liberation.

INVENTION OF THE DECADE, a highway system that:

1. cuts accidents (collisions) by 99%
2. Saves energy, reduces pollution
3. still maintains drivers ability to have his own
personal car and control over his speed, destination
and choice of route.
4. Could be rail, slot car, magnetic, superconductor,
laser guided, etc. etc.
5. Should also be drunk/drug driver proof.

COLLISION AVOIDANCE SYSTEM ASPECT WOULD BE MOST IMPORTANT, ESPECIALLY WHEN YOU CONSIDER THAT IN THE LAST 20 YEARS ALONE, THERE MAY HAVE BEEN MORE PEOPLE KILLED IN CAR ACCIDENTS THAN IN ALL THE WARS AMERICA HAS EVER FOUGHT.

The succesful system could bring many jobs to construction industry in order to convert highway system to it. Also U.S. or whoever develops it first and best, could export it to world market.

No country or group of people have any moral superiority over any other Vaughn told Phil, because every human institution is corrupt and all men and women are corrupted in some way or another. As for Blacks, Vaughn didn't mind living with them. As long as they were the law abiding type. He was tired of being coerced into having to say that he believed that they were just like whites. We're different breeds just like a poodle aint a bulldog. Neither one's better or worse, just different and no one was going to stop him from saying that that's what he believed. Blacks were better in many ways physically in his opinion and he thought there was a wealth of evidence if anyone would care to open their eyes. Even though he thought all men were equal in God's eyes, he thought that they were created with important differences. The similarities were more important than the differences in his opinion, but the differences were very real and in many different areas. As for dealing with blacks, it was like dealing with the Russians, in his opinion, you'd better be awful well prepared for trouble if you don't want to have any. It was mostly the ones that preached violence and reparations that he didn't agree with. The ones whose stated or unstated postition was war with the white man were the ones that he saw as his adversary and there were a lot of them. Just like there were probably a lot of whites with similar views. And maybe a few people on both sides like him, who felt that way on some days and not on other days, depending on what happened to them or what they saw on the news that day.

These pinstriped preachers are damning others for having an occasional drink, while they secretly cavort with hookers and live in palatial splendor, is it any wonder I'm sometimes reluctant to sit through two hours of his rantings, ravings, "tongues" and girations scolding everyone for not being just like him and threatening us with eternal

torture if we don't tow his line.

What was the divorce rate before womens suffrage and what is it now. Our feminists have spoiled the punch and want to blame it on men. We now loose our families and have to pay for their upbringing and watch from afar. While women are working at home and at the plant and office. No one in these cases raises the kids. Men can't find jobs because they are competing with women who admitedly are

highly qualified in some cases and in other cases promoted through affirmative action. Now the men can't support their family and the women can't either. We have opened a Pandora's box and now are dealing with a genie that's out of the bottle.

With over 50% of the votes, they have the advantage and politicians have to pander to them. The women on the other hand are even more likely to be swayed by demagogues than are men. This leads to an un-natural situation where the weak lead the strong through a system of special interest groups all wanting their way, not through a natural competitive system.. What is the problem with women running the show? Their sense of judgement is different than men's, they're led by emotion more than reason very often and their brains are just plain "wired" differently than men's. This did not in Phil's opinion make them inferior, but it was grounds in his opinion to fight for the right to try to

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PHIL STATED SIMPLY, I KNOW THAT I'M ACCOUNTABLE TO GOD, BUT I'M NOT GOING TO LIVE MY LIFE ACCORDING TO WHAT ANY PASTOR OR IMAN TELLS ME TO DO. I'LL DO WHAT MY CONSCIENCE TELLS ME IS WHAT THE SCRIPTURE SAYS. LET THE PASTOR TELL EVERYONE ELSE HOW TO LIVE. HE DIDN'T THINK THAT "THEY" NECESSARILY KNEW EXACTLY WHAT GOD OR JESUS SAID OR MEANT, SOMETIMES THEY WERE RIGHT ON SOME TIMES HE THOUGHT THEY MIGHT BE RIGHT OFF.

To those who told him that he'd better not speak his mind or

write anything that wasn't according to their interpretation of the scripture, he said phoeey. He was going to say his piece and pray that he was not, was not defying the laws of God

I know I can't live up to God's strict standards Phil said, but I still want to learn the truth of what he says. You guys know you can't live up to his standards so you don't

want to know the truth. You just go on celebrating the same pagan holidays that the Babylonians and Romans celebrated and've changed God's word to a state religion that Constantine and your cronies got started. You condemn people based on your cliques interpretation of your translation of the scriptures for things that aren't even mentioned in the books, yet you do things that are specifically forbidden in the books.

I've rarely seen you respond to situations, you just react Phil told Sharon. You're the proverbial atom bomb used on a fly.

Phil finished the dishes as Sharon applied her makeup, are you ready for church she yelled, yes he said, well get the kids ready she said. She was still getting ready, he was tired of doing house work which she assumed he should do as she put on her jace. Do that during your optional time, he yelled back.

The trade problem with Japan was both countries fault, but the cure should come from the U.S. not from Japan. It wasn't their fault that their country set up rules to assist their industry. The U.S. had anti-trust laws that were set up at a time when the U.S. had few if any real economic rivals and we had to protect ourselves against ourselves, things have now changed and we need regulations to protect us from other nations so we can compete effectively, not so that we are protected from internal monopolies. Otherwise we'll all be watching Japanese company men eating oysters Mitsubishi and we'll be sweeping up at Nip-Donalds.

This old earth is being stretched to the breaking point by mankind, at the rate we're going, we'll destroy it as a habitat for all living things including ourselves. It seems like there's going to have to be a big die off or a big fly off of mankind eventually Phil said.

Phil said to Vaughn, did you ever notice how some women drivers stay on your tail no matter how fast you're going and then when you pull over and let them pass, they invariably slow down 5-10 mph and just sit there. It's like they've got to pass you but when they do, they've lost the gumption to keep going at a fast speed. Yea said Vaughn, I've seen those kinds of drivers and the rest of them just poke along at 55.

They don't have the killer instinct said Phil, they can't finish you off, they just pass you then block you till you have to pass them, it's like they're unconsciously playing a game, they want to get ahead but they don't really want to.

Yea we've got the killer instinct said Vaughn, it's just a male thing. Whether it's tennis or golf or football, we just want to crush someone. Yea said Phil, it must be a pretty basic male thing, cause when I get out of bed on the wrong side or see something I don't like on the news, I want to kill people sometimes lots of them or people close to me and I think I might really do it if I had the chance at some of those times. Yea guys are like that said Vaughn, we don't really feel that way very often but sometimes we do, women I don't think have an urge to wipe people out very often.

Phil was talking to his son, I've made a lot of mistakes he said. Most of them were moral or human mistakes, not technical mistakes or mistakes in calculations. No they've been mistakes in judgement that I feel bad about now.

The saddest moment that Phil could recall at the time was the moment when he was about 7 when it occurred to him that some day he might see his mother in a coffin or see a coffin and know that his mother who at that moment was the most important person or thing in his life, that she would be in it. Anybody who's had a loving mother, must arrive at that sickening moment of truth sometime. It's like in the song Circle be Unbroken.

The secretary at the telephone ans service in CA, sounded like she was experienced in the ways of the world and her

voice was tough and smug. She knew that Phil wasn't really doing what he said he was doing and Phil knew she was on to

what he was doing. But she didn't let on at least not to him and he figured her attitude was just her way of not letting the things that went on around her get to her, kind of like a bar manager.

When he saw the seeming chaos around him, Phil wondered if there was a reason for it in God's plan. Why did God make a world that although "ordered" it was also full of chaos and suffering. Even when things were not interfered with by man, there was often what seemed to him as terrible suffering in the world of nature. Animals starving in times of drought and sometimes painful lingering deaths at the hands of predators that weren't too good at what they did.

But on the other hand, it seemed that it was the strong animals that suffered the most like a Cape Water Buffalo being dragged down by a pride of lions, but holding on for hours as it was climbed on by the lions who had a heck of a time pulling down but finally did in the most gruesome way.

The weak animals however like the smaller antelope, seemed to usually die faster and with less suffering since they couldn't put up much of a fight. Just like in the Bible, the strong would be last and the weak would be first. The Willow and the gazelle bend and don't suffer so, but the lion and the oak fight on and crack finally.

Did God make the animals so perfect? It seemed to Phil that they were in many ways as lazy and inefficient in their natural tasks as man was in his pursuits. They animals if they were really "with it" would fare much better than they do. The deer if he was really as alert as he should be, would hardly ever be caught by his slower foes and the leopard if she were really keen at stalking would seldom miss her prey. But both are relatively unsuccessful. Even in their prime after they've learned most of the tricks of their trade, they mess up and are caught off guard.

Lord you've made us in your image and a little lower than the angels. You've given us the volition to choose our own path's. You hunger for a relationship with us, but we must make the choice to seek you. You've allowed us that choice. Why then do you make it harder for some to choose you. Why do you make the penalty so grave if we choose wrongly. Why do some have to go thru like with such a yoke while others because of their backgrounds are led so naturally towards accepting you.

You say that a fair God would not place almost insurmountable obstacles in the way of one man's acceptance of faith and make the path so easy for others. But the word tells us that God won't make any tribulation greater than each man has the strength to bear. If the "leap of faith" seems too hard, it may be because God knows you are really the strong type that can withstand the longest suffering and the greatest of assaults on your inkling of faith on your road to salvation. Mom's faith was shaken off it's foundations because of the tragedies she has suffered in her life. But she is also one of the strongest and wisest people I've ever known. She just needs to see that her strength and goodness, comes not so much from within her, but instead accept that these qualities are from God. He put them there to give her what it takes to survive and learn from the tragedies.

"IT'S ALL THEIR FAULT"

You say I'm always talking down my society, that's because it's the only one I'm familiar with. If I was in some other society I'd criticize it,, if they'd let me. "I'm sure" said Vaughn, "that when the Soviets move into the U.S. in the late 1990's because we've caused our own collapse while strengthening them, they or their flunkies will take care of me anyway." That's one of the great things about the U.S., all you have to worry about is if they'll publish your shit. Most likely they'll think it is shit and won't.

You say I'm showing my true colors and you criticize me for that. Maybe you should have interviewed me more thoroughly before we hitched up. Then you'd have realized that you weren't going to like my "true colors", because they don't agree with your true colors.

"You need to get your priorities in order", Sharon told Phil. "No you mean I need to make your priorities my priorities" said Phil. "I'm just trying to wrestle back for men the rights that women have extorted from us over the last 200 years, Washington would be rolling in his Mount Vernon grave if he could see what they've done to his country."

"You deride me for being two faced, while with you it's what you see is what you get", said Vaughn to Bill. "But I think it's more that with me there's more than meets the eye, you're just like all the other bloodthirsty sheep in your herd."

Why did the Hebrews all live to be 700 years old and their contemporaries in China, Babylonia, Egypt and elsewhere only live normal lifespans according to those societies records.

That's why I want a pastor who'll tackle tough questions with openness and honesty and not just placate with tired old platitudes. I don't want a pastor whose purpose is to sell afterlife insurance under the pretense of saving my soul. I don't want an apologetic who's a master at swimming in circles around questions and whose last resort is to accuse me of trying to be an intellectual if he can't answer a question.

"Just speak your mind", said Sharon. "It's hard for me to" said Phil, "when I'm surrounded by a monolithic block of like minded people (mostly your relatives), who proudly assert that they "know it all" and that anyone who disagrees is damned. Many of whom look at you with scrunched up faces and narrowed eyes as if you're stupid, unpatriotic and a heathen if you're not in their fold.

Why didn't God give more instructions to Adam and Eve about staying away from the apple tree and to be wary of the serpent. Or did he and the Bible not record it for some reason? He created man with the ability to choose his own actions and he also created him with many weaknesses that man can not easily control. How could God expect man and woman not to be beguiled by the serpent unless he gave them much more in the way of advanced warning.

The clerics want us to return to the Dark Ages. They reject science but they use technology to further their power.

Try to temper your anger and sarcasim because it won't change people.

George Washington might be spinning. Don't ask to run things, when 99% of the dead soldiers that won your freedom have been men. And don't say there wouldn't be so many wars if women ran things. We all know that women are just as treacherous and irrational as men in achieving their ends and their desired ends are just as self-serving as men's.

Jesus is the only hope for peace otherwise it'll always end up business as usual.

Phil had a chance in 9th grade ball he didn't hold a grudge against the coaches. They gave him a chance but they had to go with the kid most likely to help them win. That was Rick, smaller but quicker and more motivated than Phil was. Phil hung it up after 9th grade football but to some extent always regreted his lack of sports prowess and achievement like so many other would be jocks.

The only thing Sparky had in common with normal breeds of dogs was that she needed love. Other than that she was a different kind of critter than any dog Phil had ever had. So far she seemed dumber or else just much more stubborn. The kind of dog that in Jack London stories gets trained with a club.FC

I know whats right said Bill. Oh you certainly do said Vaughn and I'm sure you wouldn't hurt a flea unless he was preventing you from doing what's right, then you'd smash him or anyone else to bits.

You can try to pass on the wisdom of the ages to your kids and inevitably fail, because any one of us only can understand very small part of that truth. The best you can do is try to pass on all you can of a few of the very best examples of good that you personally have been exposed to. In Phil's life that was undoubtably the Gospel of Christ.

If the kids turned out okay, then that was great. If not then he hoped he could cope with the inevitable grief that would come with the kind of losses that parents often experience in their relationships and experiences with the children that they love and try to nurture.

He used to think that it was sufficient to just do his part and have kids and try his best to raise them. He hadn't changed much in the belief that this was more important than making it big in any other way.

"My beliefs seem to change almost daily", Phil told Sharon.

"I don't know if that is good or not" he told her. "I'm told by the religionists around me that I have to believe

unequivocally in their unchangeable truths, but I'm having a hard time slipping away from my attraction to a certain amount of fuzzy logic."

You're all just slinging mud at each other, said Phil and you think that you're in the right to do it because your group has the biggest hands.

God gives us the right to believe whatever we choose to believe in and you can't rightfully force anyone to do what you think is right. All you have the right to do is to defend yourself against others if their actions endanger you.

There is no responsible way to engage in the use of pot and other mind altering drugs. Pre and extra-marital sex also can not be engaged in without overwhelming risks, all that can be done is lowering of the risk to a still unacceptable level of bodily and emotional risk.

This being said, it's unlikely that either sexual or mind altering activities can be controlled by legislation.

Maybe Jesus used wine because it may be possible to use it responsibly.

Kerchal was a spider and not a very happy camper. It was as you might guess a drag being a spider. Capturing your prey in a sticky web, biting them with your poisonous fangs and then sucking the juices out of them. Rather a distasteful existence for a nice guy like Kerch.

This particular night, Kerchal did most of his work at night, he was getting started on a new web in Phil's bathroom. Kerchal had started from a piece of wood molding over the door and intended to string the first strand of web from the door molding over to the light fixture in the middle of the room. He rubbed his bottom on the molding and extruded a glob of web gel onto the surface. Then in his best spiderman fashion, he leaped off the molding and onto the ceiling, his sticky claws grabbing into the ceiling plaster.

Now he had to crawl over to the center of the ceiling where the light fixture was without letting his bottom touch the ceiling. This was so that the web strand that he was extruding would not stick to the ceiling, if it did his planned web design would be ruined. Finally he arrived in awkward fashion at the light fixture and had to make a great leap once more to reach the high point on it where he would attach the strand.

He made the leap successfully and stopped there for about a minute to catch his breath. His mission was accomplished for the moment and he would return to it later, right now, the sound of a fly caught in one of his other webs caught his attention and he scurried off to have his next meal.

Friday morning was here and Phil was about his duties getting ready to go to work. After the shower and shave he fed the dog and after kissing the family goodbye he was off to work. They would be going camping right after work and Sharon was busy packing and getting the kids off to school.

As Phil got out of the car and walked towards his office, his arm got caught in the web of a big spider that he had dispatched with a rolled up newspaper yesterday. It was an ugly thing and he had wacked it against the telephone pole that it was sitting on. Phil had nothing against spiders unless they invaded his space and then he went off on them.

Kerchal's strand was the next thing that touched his arm as he went to the bathroom a minute later. It came down as he accidentally brushed against it. Phil gave it little thought but Kerchal watching from a crack in the ceiling was devastated, all that work for nothing.

EVERYONE SHOULD FAYGO AT LEAST ONCE BETWEEN THE AGES OF 18 AND 88, IT'S YOUR ONLY WAY TO KNOW IF YOU CAN DO WHAT YOU WANT TO DO, IF YOU SUCCEED, GREAT, IF NOT THAT'S OKAY TOO, THEN YOU JUST GO AHEAD AND EXPLODE INTO SPACE LIKE EVERYONE ELSE HAS DONE. YOU'VE GOT A CHANCE TO MAKE IT BIG, AND A FEW PEOPLE DO, BUT THE VAST MAJORITY JUST BECOME PART OF THE

VASTNESS OF SPACE, THAT IS THEY BECOME PART OF THE MAINSTREAM OF HUMAN FLOTSAM AND JETSUM, WHICH IS OKAY TOO.

IT'S FUNNY SAID PHIL TO VAUGHN THAT THE CHRISTIANS ARE ABOUT THE STAUNCHED SUPPORTERS OF THE MILITARY INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX. I KNOW THE OLD TESTAMENT AND THE NEW TESTAMENT REFER MANY TIMES TO JUSTICE, STRENGTH AND AN EYE FOR AN EYE IN SOME CASES, BUT JESUS ALSO REFERS TO TURNING THE OTHER CHEEK AND THE LIKE AND I DON'T SEE MUCH OF THAT MESSAGE BEING ADAPTED BY THE AVERAGE CHRISTIAN THESE DAYS, UNLESS IT FITS IN WITH HIS POLITICS IN GENERAL.

BLACKS AND WHITES ARE DIFFERENT IN MY OPINION SAID PHIL. I DON'T CARE IF YOU CALL ME A RACIST OR NOT. I'M PROUD TO SAY THAT MY LOYALTY IS MORE TO MY OWN PEOPLE AND I THINK THAT IF YOU WOULD CARE TO ADMIT IT, MOST PEOPLES LOYALTY IS TO THEIR OWN PEOPLE. BECAUSE WHEN THE GOING GETS ROUGH, YOU'RE A LITTLE MORE LIKELY TO GET A BREAK FROM ONE OF YOUR OWN THAN FROM SOMEONE ELSE. SURE I THINK WE SHOULD ALL GIVE AND TAKE A LITTLE AND LEARN TO LIVE TOGETHER IN PEACE. THAT'S FAR BETTER IN MY OPINION TO SLUGGING IT OUT, BUT I ALSO THINK THAT THE GIVE AND TAKE SHOULD BE ACCORDING TO THE STANDARD RULES OF NEGOTIATION THAT ALL PARTIES WORLD WIDE ADHERE TO. THAT MEANS DRIVE A TOUGH BARGAIN AND KEEP A STRONG DEFENSE BECAUSE IF YOU DON'T THE OTHER SIDE IS GOING TO STICK IT TO YOU. IF THEY WANT AFFIRMATIVE ACTION THEN THEY'VE STILL GOT TO BE THE BEST QUALIFIED FOR THE JOB AND THAT'S BY THE TRADITIONAL STANDARDS, NOT BY SOME BOGUS ONES THAT THE SPECIAL INTEREST GROUPS MAKE UP. IN PHIL'S NOT SO EXPERT OPINION, BLACKS HAD PROVEN THEMSELVES GENERALLY SUPERIOR IN PHYSICAL ATTRIBUTES AND GENERALLY INFERIOR IN MENTAL ABILITY, IN BOTH CASES THIS IS FOR WHEN THE MEASUREMENT IS

TRADITIONAL WESTERN STANDARDS, WHICH IS WHAT PHIL FELT WERE THE BEST STANDARDS AROUND.

PHIL HAD JUST DONE A COUPLE OF ONE HITS WITH A VISITOR AND NOW WAS GETTING BACK TO WORK ON CLEANING THE APARTMENT, HE WANTED TO GET IT RENTED OUT AND IT WAS A HUGE MESS.

PHIL PLANNED ON LYING ABOUT WHAT HE WAS DOING IF SHARON ASKED.

ON THE RADIO THE PREACHER WAS WAILING ABOUT GOING TO HEAVEN OR GOING TO HELL. IT'S YOUR CHOICE , HE SAID, YOU CAN ACCEPT JESUS AND STOP LIVING YOUR LIFE OF SIN AND YOU'LL GET THERE.

OR HE CONTINUED, YOU CAN KEEP ON SINNING AND YOU'LL GO TO HELL. HIS THICK SOUTHERN ACCENT WAS STILL STRANGE SOUNDING , BUT IT DIDN'T BOTHER PHIL ANYMORE. NOT LIKE SOUTHERN ACCENTS HAD BOTHERED HIM FOR YEARS. THE SOUTH TO PHIL ALMOST REPRESENTED A SEPERATE COUNTRY WITHIN THE US. YOU KNOW PHIL CONTINUED TO HIMSELF, WITH ALL THE CIVIL WAR STUFF.. BUT THEY SOUTH SURE SEEMED TO HAVE BETTER EXPRESSIONS AND SAYINGS THAN THE NORTH HAD. THE ONLY ONLE HE'D EVER MET UP-NORTH THAT COULD COME UP WITH ONES AS GOOD AS THE SOUTH'S WAS A MAN THAT WORKED DRIVING A TRUCK FOR THE SEWER DEPARTMENT IN HIS HOME TOWN.THAN . ANYWAY THE PREACHR WAS DESCRIBING TO THE AUDIENCE WHAT A PERSON TAKING A TRIP THROUGH HELL WOULD HEAR FROM THE RESIDENTS.

PHIL BELIEVED HE WOULD HAVE TO FACE HIS MAKER SOME DAY SOONER OR LATER, BUT HE HAD ABOUT HAD IT WITH RELIGIOUS LEADERS OF ALL KINDS TELLING EVERYONE WHAT HE HAD TO DO TO GO TO HEAVEN. HEAVENS GOING TO BE AN AWFULLY SELECT PLACE HE THOUGHT, THERE WEREN'T MANY PEOPLE HE'D EVER MET WHO WOULD MEET THE STANDARDS OF SOME OF THE PREACHERS. HE JUST WANTED TO BE A NORMAL LIVING GUY AND STILL MAKE IT THERE, HE DIDN'T KNOW IF THAT WAS POSSIBLE, BUT MOST OF THE TIME THAT WAS THE BEST HE COULD DO. MOST OF THE TIME, HE WAS STILL FAILING TO MEET ALL BUT THE MOST MINIMUM OF STANDARDS.

THAT HOWEVER WAS HOW IT WAS AND NO ONE WAS GOING TO TELL HIM WHAT MORALS TO HAVE. HE KNEW HIS NEED IMPROVING, BUT HE STILL WASN'T GOING TO BE ORDERED AROUND IN THIS AREAD!!!

ON THE RADIO THE PASTOR WAS CONTINUING TO PREACH ABOUT IF IT WAS LEGAL AND PROPER TO LEGISLATE PORNOGRAPHY. THE PREACHER SAID IT WAS LEGAL, PROPER AND BIBLICAL TO LEGISLATE MORALS, PHIL AGREED IT WAS TOO, AT LEAST IN THE AREA OF PORNO. BUT HE WAS NOT SO SURE ABOUT HIS PET VICE, POT. HE WANTED TO HAVE HIS CAKE AND EAT IT TOO.

SHARON WAS LIKELY TO BITE OFF HIS HEAD IF SHE CALLED THE APARTMENT AND SPOKE TO HIM ON THE PHONE WHEN HE WAS STONED. HE DECIDED IT WOULD BE BETTER TO HEAD OUT AND GET A BURGER INSTEAD AND THEN FINISH CLEANING THE REFRIGERATOR AND STOVE.

WHAT IT BOILED DOWN TO WAS THAT HE PRESENTLY COULD NOT SEEM TO MEET THEIR HIGH STANDARDS AND DIDN'T THINK IT LIKELY THAT HE EVER COULD, SO BE IT.

PHIL DIDN'T MIND TELLING SHARON THAT HE WANTED TO MAKE HIS LIVING AS A WRITER AND PAINTER.. IT JUST SEEMED LIKE SUCH NONSENSE THOUGH TO SHARON SINCE SHE HAD NEVER SEEN OR READ ANYTHING GOOD THAT PHIL HAD DONE. IS THAT STUPID BOOK YOU'RE WRITING AN AUTOBIOGRPHY SHE ASKED. "YES, I MEAN NO NOT ENTIRELY", HE ANSWERED HER.

AS FAR AS THE GIRLS HAVING SOME SAY IN THE NEW BUSINESS, PHIL DIDN'T MIND. THEY MIGHT AS WELL GET EVERYTHING OUT IN THE OPEN RIGHT NOW. IF THE GIRLS WERE KGOING JTO BE INVOLVED, THEY'D BETTER TALK ABOUT THE SPECIFICS NOW.. MAYBE HE AND JACK COULD SWITCH BACK AND FORTH EVERY YEAR OR TWO AS PRESIDENT AND VICE PRESIDENT AND THE GIRLS JCOULD TAKE TERMS BEING CEO AND TREASURER. THAT WAY THEY REASONED, IT WOULD BE A MINORITY OWNED BUSINESS, SINCE SHARON AND KATHY WOULD HAVE 51% OWNERSHIP BETWEEN THEM AND PHIL AND JACK WOULD HAVE 49%.

EVERYONE WANTED TO BE IN ON IT, BECAUSE THEY ALL FELT THAT IT WAS GOING JTO PRVIDE THEM WITH FINANCIAL SECURITY IF IT WORKED. THEY WERE ALSO A LITTLE WORRIED THAT IF THINGS WENT BUST THEY ALL LOOSE OUT. THIS MADE EVERONE WANT TO HAVE A SAY IN THE BUSINESS'S MATTERS. "FINE" SAID PHIL, BUT THEN WE'RE ALL GOING TO HAVE TO SHARE THE RISK THE SAME TOO."

DECRIMINALIZE POT HE THOUGHT TO HIUMSELDF. (FUNNY HOW HITTING THE WRING KEY IN TYPING CAN DO MORE DAMAGE THAN MESSING UP LETTERS WHEN YOU SCRIBBLE.

"YEA" JACK SAID, I WISH THEY WOULD DECRIMINALIZE POT. I DON'T THINK IT'S ANY WORSE THAN DRINKING, AND I DON'T THINK THE GOVERMENT SHOULD THEREFORE GIVE YOU ANY KIND OF ARREST RECORD OR PRISON TERM, YOU SHOULD AT MOST JUST HAVE TO PAY A SMALL FINE. NOT ANY WORSE THAN A PARKING TICKET, LIKE THEY'VE TRIED IN THE PAST. THAT WAY SOCIETY IS STILL OFFICIALLY SAYING IT'S WRONG, BUT THEY ARE NOT MAKING A MORAL COMMANDMENT. THIS WAY I DON'T FEEL COMPELLED TO LIE TO MY KIDS ABOUT SOMETHING THAT I'M DOING THAT'S AGAINST THE LAW, BUT NOT IN MY OPINION IMMORAL. IT CAME DOWN TO THE POWERS THAT BE, AGAIN TRYING TO LEGISLATE MY MORALS, WHY DON'T THEY WORRY MORE ABOUT ENFORCING THE LAW AGAINST VIOLENT CRIMINALS, INCLUDING ANYONE THAT COMMITS REAL CRIMES WHILE HIGH. DRINKING LAWS ADDRESS THE PROBLEMS RELATED TO DRINKING HALFWAY RESPONSIBLY, AT LEAST THEY HAVE AGE LAWS. YOU COULD DO THE SAME WITH POT, JUST CONTROL IT'S SALE, PROVIDE DRUG EDUCATION TO TEACH KIDS NOT TO START AND THEN LEAVE USERS ALONE UNLESS THE COMMIT VIOLENT OR THEFT ETC. JUST LIKE DRINKING LAWS LEAVE THE RESPONSIBLE USERS ALONE UNLESS THEY MESS UP. THE GOVERNMENT COULD EVEN MAKE MILLIONS OR BILLIONS IN TAXES AND SMOKING TICKETS.

PHIL WAS FINALLY GETTING AROUND TO THE JOB AT AHDN AFTER EATING HIS HARDEES LUNCH, CLEANING SOME WINDOWS AND WRITING SOME NONSENSE IN HIS ONGOING BOOK. HE DIDN'T MIND THAT SHARON KNEW ABOUT HIS BOOK, HE JUST WISHED THAT SHE'D NOT GO AROUND TELLING EVERYONE ELSE ABOUT PHILS PECULARITIES.

IF HE EVER STARTED MAKING A LIVING AT IT, SHE COULD TELL ANYONE SHE WANTED TO.

HE HAD CRANKED THE RADIO SO HE COULD BE ENTERTAINED WHILE HE CLEANED THE KITCHEN APPLIANCES. JUST THEN THE PASTOR WHO WAS INTERESTED IN THE APARTMENT KNOCKED ON THE DOOR. "COME IN" PHIL SHOUTED OVER THE MUSIC. THE PASTOR LOOKED DISAPPOINTED IN PHIL. "OH, SO YOU LIKE LOUD ROCK MUSIC" THE PASTOR SAID. HE WAS ABOUT 20 YEARS OLDER THAN PHIL AND THE GENERATION GAP WAS APPARENT. "I'LL BET YOU SMOKE POT TOO" THE PASTOR SAID AS HE SNIFFED THE STILL SMITTEN AIR. THATS KIND OF A PERSONAL QUESTION" SAID PHIL. HE WAS STARTING TO WONDER IF HE'D MADE THE RIGHT DECISION IN TELLING THE PASTOR THAT HED COULD RENT THE APARTMENT. THINGS COULD GET A LITTLE STICKY.

IN THE BRAVE NEW WORLD, THE WICKED WHITE MALES WERE ALL EXTERMINATED, BUT THROUGH GENETIC ENGINEERING, THE SOCIETY WAS ABLE TO PUT SOME OF THESE MISFITS "ATTRIBUTES" TO WORK.

YES IT WAS DISCOVERED THAT SPECIALLY ENGINEERED LOBOTOMIZED WHITE MALES WERE EXCELLENT FOR DOING THE DIRTY WORK OF SOCIETY. THEY WERE OFTEN USED FOR MANUAL LABOR INSTEAD OF ANIMALS AND ALSO INSTEAD OF MACHINES. MACHINES WERE BEING REPLACED BECAUSE THEY HAD MOSTLY BEEN INVENTED BY WHITE MALES AND ALSO BECAUSE THEY USED FOSSIL FUEL AND OTHER SCARCE RESOURCES. IT WAS FOUND THAT WHITE MALES COULD BE ENGINEERED TO ALMOST ANY SIZE SO THAT LARGER SPECIMENS COULD PULL PLOWS AND THE "FIREPLUG" TYPE SMALLER ONES COULD FIT EASILY ONTO TREADMILLS FOR POWERING INDUSTRY.

He got the apartment over his office ready to rent again, but he wondered would he end up renting it out or living in it himself this time.

He wasn't suggesting to churches, that hey relax their standard and let "party animals" like him in, he just wanted to let them know if they didn't already, that there were people out there who didn't fit into the churches way of life and some of those people didn't feel guilty about it.

The church should either accept these people or leave them alone.

"A lot of what you write is not suitable for our kids to read, how do you feel about that", Sharon said.

"I don't know about agreeing with that, but I'd be pretty limited if I had to write everything so that it's watered down enough to get past the PG-13 censors."

"You're ruining your health with that smoking", Bill said to Phil, "you'd better stop doing it!"

"Hey, mind your own business, I'll take care of my own health", Phil answered. He figured that Bill wanted to take care of his health by outlawing smoking, but he knew that Bill wouldn't be generous enough to also outlaw ocean dumping and air pollution - it all depended on who's ox is getting gored.

Phil thought he noticed that when he smoked, he could really "feel" his lungs working and thus could breath better. Actually he was was probably fooling himself since the smoking would sure take it's toll on his lungs after a few years. Regardless of that, he still wanted the right to do his own thing.

"I think that a lot more people should be entrepreneurs, that would make everyone want to work harder, they'd also earn more for themselves and be more efficient than workers for a regular company."

Too many of us in America are now lazy, greedy and complacent because we've lost the entrepreneurial spirit that our foreparents had.

"I thought that women weren't in combat, partly because they were less likely to get suckered into going out and kill some old man or old

woman's enemies on a mass scale", Vaughn said.

CLONE ME AGAIN SAM

Sharon came into the office using her key.

"How much did you smoke?", Sharon asked Phil.

He tried not to react negatively, but sometimes he felt that she checked up on him too much.

"Just the right amount", he replied with a deadpan look on his non-descript face.

"You know that I was out there knocking on the door for five minutes before I came in", she said, "I could hear your stereo blaring from out here, but you had no idea I was even there!."

Sharon was concerned that he was losing business because of some of his "bad habits" and felt it necessary to chastize him.

He had in fact been doing a lot of productive that morning so he felt a little defensive. He had first changed the advertising sign outside his office, bought 6 nice office chairs at a closeout sale, developed the beginnings of a marketing strategy for his latest business idea, called the CPA and done a number of other chores too.

But just shortly before she had arrived, he had started working on the word processor on his new short story. He was going to call this one "subconscious fears", because it was about the hidden fears that we all have. It focused on fears that are based on the upbringing, schooling, churching and other indoctrination that we receive in our formative years. The story was about a character whose tragic life was affected by his prejudices and preconceptions that shadowed him every day and every step of his life

Phil felt that sometimes smoking seemed to strip this baggage away and let his natural untethered mind emerge, all flags flying high.

As a budding entrepreneur, Phil was always dreaming up a new business opportunity to try and so far his ideas were not yet bearing fruit.

Since there was a long, bitter recession in progress, Sharon didn't want Phil to fool around. His working hard at something lucrative was extremely important to the family. Of course she could work too, but it was unlikely that she could make as much as he had in the last three years as a consultant. This made her even more determined to make him tow the line.

"If you don't like the way I'm doing my job, I'll take equal responsibility for taking care of the kids - day and night", Phil told Sharon.

"I don't think you know what you'd be getting yourself into", she replied, not believing for a minute that he was really capable or willing to do it.

"I don't mind answering your questions, if you're interested in having a conversation with me, but if you're checking up on me - don't ask!", Phil was adamant.

"As far as I'm concerned, from now on I'm going to live life like it's one big part!", Phil announced, "all those Preachers keep telling us that the world's going to end in a few years at the most anyway."

Sharon was as usual appalled at him, but by now quite used to what she saw as his nonsense. "Yeah that's real mature", she retorted.

Phil wasn't concerned with being "quote" mature. He could think of several reasons for taking this new attitude. For starters Sharon was right, it was immature, he noticed however that most children would be thrilled to live each day of their life like it was a party and it wasn't till they "matured" that they lost this enthusiasm for life. Well Phil wanted to regain a little of that enthusiasm and if learning from the wisdom of children was a way to, then he would listen to the children.

He wanted to "put away the alientation and get on with the fascination" as he remembered the popular song saying.

How can you have any pudding if you don't eat your meat.

Phil blew up at the poor, inocent postal clerk, "what do you mean I can't have my mail, first it's a month late then I can't even have it!", you'd better hand it over right now!"

The postal employee looked at Phil, you didn't use your nine digit zip code", she proclaimed to him, "that's why it's late."

Her tone of voice was like the drone of a bumblebee. Phil got even hotter, "that's what you guys always say, I think you invented the nine digit zip code just so that you could have a reason to blame the customers for your incompetence!"

Phil was on his "soap box" again and he could be a little hateful at times. The post office was one of his usual targets along with truckdrivers, pastors and any others that had an attitude that they were always right.

Phil didn't think it was hard getting good employees. He thought that anyone would make a good employee if they were treated well. How did some of these jobs create such poor attitudes among there workers?

"I was a 'heathen', before you married me and that's what I'm gonna be for now on", he was brandishing his tongue like a sword. "You and others have tried to make me walk the straight and narrow as you see it and I'm opting out right now." He was not going to follow any leaders and watch the parking meters, 'I am what I am' would be his new moto, following popeye or God or whoever said that first.

And then there was Vaughn, he had a messiah complex, or at least wanted to be the dominant historical figure of the age.

"You're nuts", Phil told him, "it sounds like you think that you're the freakin savior of the world - are you one of these guys that thinks he's Jesus or something?"

Vaughn was not upset, he had been expecting Phil to bring up the subject, after all he did have far greater aspirations than Phil ever would. "Of course not", he replied, "I don't expect to be around here for 1,000 years like Jesus will, I just plan on being a major force for the next 30 or 40."

He was going to fire all his "guns at once and explode into space."

"Well despite whatever you think, you're not who you think you are", Phil said raising his voice.

"You're not Jesus cause he'd never lie and God knows you're a liar and you know what, you're not and never will be even the great communicator that you think you are, you're just a miserable failure."

Despite a little anguish in his eyes, Vaughn tried to respond coolly to Phil's attack. He chose to hit Phil where it would hurt.

"So what is the message of the book you're trying to write", Vaughn asked Phil.

"It's trust Jesus!", Phil replied excitedly, "you and a lot of other people won't believe it, but that's the message and I mean it whether you believe it or not."

"Well obviously no one will believe it", Vaughn said with a cruel laugh, "you're such a joke you'll never be taken seriously either."

In their hearts, both men were very scared and doubtful of their abilities, but at least Phil was sincere, it was harder to know about Vaughn. "I don't want to be Jesus", said Vaughn, "I just want to be on his side." Phil grimaced a little, to him all such talk bordered on blasphemy.

The mood changed, both men realized they were more alike than they were different and there was a collective sigh of relief. "Well look Phil, you've been here a long time", Vaughn said with a smile, "you'd better get back home before Sharon starts to worry about where you are, she might think you're out fooling around."

"My wife doesn't even like me", said Phil in response, "in fact she thinks I'm the scum of the earth, but man she sure gets jealous if she thinks some other woman might like me."

Phil drove back to the office and got to work. Soon the phone rang and it was a woman interested in renting the upstairs apartment.

She wanted to set up a time to look at the apartment and she wanted to come over right away.

Phil worked on the new liability release form that he needed for the travel agency. He hoped that it would protect him as much as an errors and omissions insurance policy and he knew it would be a lot cheaper - as long as he never really needed it.

Within 15 minutes, Phil heard a car arrive outside and figured it was the woman who had called about the apartment. She knocked at the door and came in along with her female companion. Phil figured that she had been apprehensive about coming over alone.

He gave her the five minute tour around the apartment and she seemed very interested.

"I'll hardly ever be here, I only need the apartment for sleeping in", said the attractive potential female renter. Phil wondered if she may have made a Freudian slip with that remark. In general she seemed very interested in the apartment and Phil looked her over intently, wondering if she would be in his life in the future. If he ever got thrown out of his house he knew he would move into his small office and of course the only bedroom was in the apartment that this nice young lady was considering.

At home that night Phil and Sharon discussed the apartment and the kind of people that had come to see it that day.

"Well I think it's better not to rent the apartment to a girl", said Sharon, "it's not that I don't trust you, it's just that I don't trust you or anyone 100%."

Their money was slowly being drained away by various living expenses and it seemed to Phil like sand in an hourglass running out. He was going to have to get some cash flow fast. The market research he did had been the most profitable business he'd ever been in, but now more than ever it "flew in the face" of his business morals. He had told more lies in the last four years of being a consultant for the Japanese, than he had in the rest of his entire life.

Phil realized that for the past 8 years, he had become a fat, lying, money making machine. He wanted to change into a slim, honest writing machine, but practicality dictated that he still had to bring home a regular paycheck.

ENTROPY

With the discovery of the problems of silicone implants, Phil figured that flat chested was going to be coming back in style.

Phil noticed that if he inhaled slowly through his nose as he took a drag, it mixed cool air with the hot smoke and seemed to make it easier on his throat. As it was now, he already usually stopped inhaling the smoke as soon as he felt any burning in his throat.

"I don't care if anyone we know reads this stuff", Phil announced, "I'd rather it be making enough money so that I can move out of town if neccessary - then the locals can read it!"

"I'll be in when I'm in", said the new telemarketer that Phil had hired. "I'm busy today so I'll just come in when I have time in a couple of days."

"You'll be in when you're in my ass!", replied Phil with his voice rising in volume and annoyance, "you'll be out when you're in, cause you're fired." Saying those words felt good and bad at the same time for Phil. He'd never thought that he'd use that tone of voice with an employee or even say the words "you're fired", but that time had come this day.

"For now on I'm counting on the Lord to sustain me, not the Japanese anymore!" He went on, "for now on I'm gonna focus my efforts on the cruise business and on writing." For now on the consulting would be the sideline business, come hell or highwater, he would not be dependent on the market research business.

"The difference between you and me", Phil told Jack, "is that I can handle strong cigarettes and you can't." That's what Phil thought his smoke was anyway, just the strongest of smokes. Damn near able to knock you on your ass if you smoked one or two right after another, regular cigarettes didn't have the kick to do this. But there were other differences too, he wasn't sure about all of them though because he had only smoked regular cigarettes twice in his life. Strong smokes kicked your ass so much that you might feel like your going to die, which is good to feel once in a while. It makes you really, really realize that you're only mortal and will physically die some day. Otherwise some people never ever experience that reality until right near the end. That's okay too, but it tends to lead to "the big head."

The strong smokes could seem to stop your heart for a beat or two, which of course is dangerous so the anti forces would use that as one

of their reasons for banning it. There were lots of other things that can also stop your heart, looking at the man in the mirror is one of them.

Personally he liked to be reminded of his own mortality several times a day if possible, but would settle for less.

Sharon on the other hand didn't want to be reminded about it period.

The phone rang and he knew it would be Sharon asking why he wasn't home, since it was 5:30 like they'd agreed. He'd better hurry, but the reason he went to the office to do his things, was that he didn't feel comfortable doing them at home. This was too bad and would change in the near future.

She thought the office was a place to work, but he thought of it as a place to have a smoke, put his feet up, listen to the radio loud, write, paint, do some fix-er-up work in the garage etc. In the future, he planned on playing the stereo loud and having a good time, after all, he was planning on selling cruises and vacations. Why not have his office a fun place for him to be - as long as he made some sales that way.

"I disagree", said Phil to Vaughn, "smoking should not be allowed in public places, if people are in close quarters with one another. This country's in bad enough shape without having a million non-smokers driving around with contact highs. Other than that, I think it's a less dangerous substance than either alcohol or tobacco and they can't tell me what I can put into my pipe and what I can't"

"Yeah", rebounded Vaughn, "let them stuff that in their pipe and smoke it."

"I'm not that patriotic", Phil told Jack, "I won't pay \$ 550 for a 27 inch American made color TV when I can get the Japanese equivalent for \$283."

"You're just not patriotic at all", Jack replied obviously irritated by Phil's opinion, especially in light of what Phil's consulting job."

"That's your opinion", said Phil, "if they cost the same or even if they were close in price I'd buy American, but in this case at least, it's getting ridiculous."

Sharon was amazed upon coming to the office and finding Phil in the arms of Mrs. Lamb from the school PTA. Of all the women for Phil to be involved with, Mrs. Lamb the oldest of the PTA regular's would have been her last guess.

"I agree with you that there is only one God", said Phil and I also believe that Jesus is the one and only true way, but that's where we part paths."

The Pastor looked down at Phil, he was a huge man and he twitched uncomfortably as he listened.

"I'm not sure that I believe a lot of the rest of what you're teaching", Phil continued, in his usual brief conversational way.

The Pastor was not a very understanding man when it came to any opinion that contradicted his, "well I guess it really doesn't matter what you or I believe, it's what God 'knows' we believe that counts he'll sort us all out on judgement away", he said.

"I think that I have a God given right to grow and smoke my own stuff whatever that may be", Phil said.

The Pastor's eyebrows raised into a classical arch, "obviously the government doesn't agree with that and the church doesn't either."

"That's just something I'll have to deal with", replied Phil with confidence. "Someday the shoe may be on the other foot!."

We'll talk about this in court someday", said Phil. He hoped that someday, a man would be free to do this thing without interference from the state, church or anyone else.

"You'd better be ready, willing and able", the Pastor said in conclusion.

Phil and his contact met at the dimly lit corner, "Lod" said Phil to the man, assuming that this was his connection.

"Zep", said the thin man, confirming that he was the man.

He spent most of his time doing boring, inane tasks - most of them thrust on him by others, like salesmen, bankers, the IRS.

Now for the first time, he was trying to use the new microcassette player to enter a story into the computer file would it work well?

..."Well", Phil told the dentist, "I'll be able to afford to have those crowns put on my teeth as soon as you and a few of your friends buy cruises or vacations from me." The microcassette and the foot pedal control seemed to be working great, he just would wait and do more when he got home. In the meantime, he'd have to figure out a system for remembering what had just been recorded so that he wouldn't accidentally record over it.

He had gotten about ten minutes into the 90 minute tape, so maybe he could just flip it over and record on one side and keep this side how it was so that he would record over anything before it had been transferred to the computer. After more consideration, he decided instead to use the tape counter and figure out a more scientific and efficient way of doing it. Flipping it over would not work well because he would have to do a great deal of rewinding at times. He might be able to do it some other way, like having two tapes in operation at all times, one for recording on and one for recording from. He finally would select a combination of both techniques.

Phil realized that Sharon was very angry with him and she surely had shown it by throwing a brownie at him last night. The package had flown past him at 80 miles an hour and hit the miniblind over the window. He believed that unfortunately things were happening too fast for her to handle. The changes in their lives, especially the things that he was doing as a "born again man" were driving her crazy.

For his part, Phil felt sorry for her, but he was not going to go back to the 9-5 office job lifestyle. She was acting like a nut because of the smoking situation and because of the overall lifestyle changes they were going through. He was a little surprised at how negatively she had reacted to the recorder, but in her present emotional state it was probably normal.

Getting back to the microcassette recorder, Phil was finding that it was a good idea to put the wrist strap through his button hole and button his shirt so that if he bent over the expensive little recorder would not fall out and hit the floor. As extra insurance and secrecy, he would wear a loose knit sweater over his shirt, weather permitting.

This way he could put it on voice activation if he wanted to tape a conversation or manual if not.

He was trying to think of things that he'd helped the children learn, things that he would not receive credit for if they split. Obviously, he would instead receive "credit" for anything that had gone wrong in their lives. He could not think of more than a few things at the moment, but he would list them anyway:

1. Trying to teach them to be careful about all of their vital parts
all the time, especially when playing rough.
2. Driving defensively all the time and wearing their seatbelts.
3. Believing in God and following the dictates of their own
consciences to a great extent in worshipping God.
4. Mind your own business about other peoples private affairs and
fully expect others to accord you the same consideration.
5. Don't ever trip, or sneak up and push old guys like your dad, mom
or grandparents!

The other things would come back a little at a time to him, but might never reach Jeoy and Sally's tender ears.

The kitchen door opened and Sharon walked in, she was hotter than fire and stormed into the room. "I don't want to live in that new house with you", she raged, "I want to put it on the market instead!"

Because of her outburst last night and her other tantrums, Phil had kind of been expecting her to say this. "Well you do what you want to do", he said calmly, "I'm sure you must think you're doing what's

right for you and the children, so I'm not going to stand in your way." He just hoped that she wouldn't try to destroy his relationships with the children, but he had no idea how she'd react.

"Why do I do it?", he asked her rhetorically, "let's just say I do it because it makes me feel back on the ground." He had tried to explain it to her a dozen times at least and never had any success. She had tried it a few times and it did not agree with her. It really bothered her that she did it, so she couldn't understand why he wanted to do it.

"Oh that's a new one, a stupid one but a new one", she admonished him.

"Last time you said you did it because it takes the edge off and now it's because it makes you feel back on the ground."

She was angry again, which was pretty normal these last few weeks.

"Well I think I'll go get a prescription for valium!", she said shocking Phil.

"How would you feel about that", she said. He thought she was taunting him. "If you need it fine, but if you're going to do just for revenge against me then I think you're nuts."

"Well I'm under stress too and maybe I need something for it." He started to think that she was being serious or at least half serious.

"If you're under stress you'd be better off smoking...", she cut him off - "at least this is legal!". There it was again, that legal business.

He didn't do well in arguments against her, he had about as much chance as a snowball in hell, which is what he often felt like anyway.

"and at least it's legal."

He was getting used to using the recorder now and he understood it's features much better than he had last week. Even his deftness on the tiny control buttons had improved significantly. This despite the fact that he'd only picked it up for about five minutes all week end.

The microrecorder had a funny feature that kept Phil amused. When he put it on "play" and pressed fast forward at the same time, he sounded like Alvin the chipmunk. This helped remind Phil of the relative unimportance of what he had to say.

The same people that wanted him to tow the line, also wanted him to disavow everything and anything that the 1960's revolution and his parents upbringing had taught him. He was sorry but he would not go for that crap, especially in light of the track record of them and every other earthly authority that had ever existed. Instead he would choose for himself according to his understanding of things which ideas to keep and which to cast out.

To deny what he felt he'd learned from the 60's would mean embracing the establishments views of everything and being one of their zombies. He didn't agree with them on everything from Madison Avenue's sales jobs that they do on every holiday from Valentines day to Christmas all the way to the self-righteousness of these descendents of the Puritans. He was mostly of that same lineage, but realized that his people had been Indian massacre'ers who were now massacring Blacks, Arabs or anyone else that got in their way.

What it boiled down to in Phil's opinion, was that you had to do what you had to do to, to make it in the world and how you did it should be up to you unless you are hurting someone else pretty directly. He also believed that none of the "good guys" out there, the ones who were telling everyone else how they had to live, were any better overall than the poor stiffs that they constantly bullied, so they should lighten up. They should stop bullying them with accusatory arguments based on shame, or guilt and they should stop using the big gun of the government to keep them in line.

The little cat tried to follow him in and he shooed it away with his foot. He didn't know who the cat belonged to - possibly it was the new renter who had moved in upstairs.

In any case Phil wanted to keep it out of the garage, where he had found it once already. He liked cats, but he didn't want it in the

garage or in the apartment and surely not in his office. He didn't mind knowing a cat, but he didn't want to own one. It seemed that owning cats was a little harder than owning dogs. Dogs you could feel like absolute ruler over without abusing them, cats allow you to get to know them, but rarely do they submit to a humans will.

They were getting back to the question of why he smoked. He knew that she had some idea how it felt because she had done it a few times herself, most recently just one or two weeks ago. Obviously she didn't like the feeling or thought it was too intoxicating or something.

"I don't know why you have to do it so much", she said.

She really felt that he would let his job go down the drain and that he wouldn't be able to support her and the childre.

"I'm still doing what's necessary to help raise and support the family", he rebutted. He was not going to let anyone tell him how to live his life or how much of it to smoke. She was right, in that he was no longer working like a dog on the phone and computer to put out market research reports for the Japanese companies. Instead he was doing enough to get some orders as well as working on the travel consulting business. He was already frenzied enough at work between the two or three business that he was trying to run. He felt like he'd been on a monkey grinders chain for too long and now would play his own tunes in life.

He figured that part of the reason that she didn't like for him to do it, was that it effected her head about the same way that it did his. She didn't like to think any other way than the way she had been brought up to think - she sliced the end of the ham off because her parents had and their parents had as the saying goes. He enjoyed thinking about new things, even if they were sometimes strange thoughts at first. With a little analysis he could cope with them, so far she could not and she took the age old approach of screaming blasphemy at any ideas that did not jive with her people's ideas.

"Hey!", he said irritatedly, "you're f---ing luny and I'm not under your 'jurisdiction' anyway, so don't tell me a damn thing about what to do!"

Things he'd taught the kids:

don't bump into old people when they're not looking

mind your own business

take a little shit from people

look both ways two real good times before crossing the street

!!!FEARLESS!!!

TO NOT EVEN FEAR - FEAR ITSELF

NO MORE HUMAN FREIGHT

I'M FREE AS THE BREEZE

Heaven is a place where you don't worry about natural disasters of any kind, maybe because God has taught us how to live safely with nature and any accidents can be miraculously cured anyway. You also don't need keys, fences or locks to keep things in or keep things out. Heaven is not going to be on earth although man could go a long way to make things better for himself and his fellow man. Earth seems more like hell than heaven Phil thought. In Heaven, you don't need to make excuses or tell lies and there are no police, just former police. There's no disease or other misery of that type.

"I expect to make at least \$50,000 after taxes this year", said Phil.

This was about half of what he'd average for the last 3 years, so

his girlfriend of ten years Sharon was not thrilled.

They were spending an average of \$6,000 per month, which added up to \$72,000 per month. "Stupid", she said, "we spent \$72,000 last year and you're only going to work hard enough to earn \$50,000 - don't you realize that we'll be \$22,000 in the hole!"

"That's where our savings, realestate and you come in", he said smugly, stoking the smoldering fire inside of her.

Where there's fire there's smoke and smoke certainly provided an attitude adjustment for Phil. It didn't, however seem to make you unaware of the consequences of your actions. Phil and Sharon had been talking in bed about various affairs they knew about and he had mentioned that he had never been propositioned by a naked woman. He told her that he wasn't sure how he'd react to such a situation under the influence of alcohol or smoke, but he thought he'd be able to resist getting into trouble. He believed though, that he'd be in more danger of doing the wrong thing under alcohol, because of it's more powerful inhibition blocking effect.

He was hoping that it would also be effective in helping him reduce his intake of caffeine, calories, cholesterol, alcohol and a few other things. So far it seemed to be having a positive effect on these things if not on others, he had lost about ten pounds in the last month.

Phil's mind wandered off to a hypothetical daydreamland.

If Thomas could be a doubter even when Jesus was there, is it wrong for him to be uncertain about his faith at times. Especially in light of things like; the church's and various religion's excess's, also the Psalm that sounds like a similar Egyption writing, the apparently monotheistic teaching of Akhanaten, the garden of eve type stories from other cultures, evolution the mistranslation of Gehenna, Sheol etc. Maybe as Jeoy had innocently said we might become extinct instead of passing on to a more heavenly existence. That is what Phil thought, he was not currently much of a believer in eternal punishment in hell, but he certainly believed that if God wanted to do that he definately could.

One reason he smoked was because he was borderline artsy craftsy and it helped him feel more like he really was an artist. That's what he had wanted to be since he was a junior high schooler reading Hemingway stories in english and wishing that he could also hook up to a keyboard and pour out stories that other people would pay to read.

Another reason he smoked, was that it made him scatter brained, which brought him down to Sharon's level.

"Lighten up brother", Phil told the pastor, "why don't you try to love your brother more and preach to him less!" The pastor was indignant about the subject of smoking as usual and would not even consider that another point of view might have some validity. Phil didn't want to rain on the old man's parade, but he had had enough of the pastor's old message threatening him with fire and brimstone if he didn't tow the line. It was an effective message largely because it scared the hell out of people. Phil just wanted the right to do his own thing, he didn't agree that smoke was a necessary religious sacrament, but he demanded the right to use it for the same personal choice reasons that allow people to use coffee and its caffeine, tobacco and alcohol.

It was all related to the song about a brick in the wall, society was forcing us all to be another brick in the wall, but by now we have learned that one and one isn't always two.

"You've so called saved enough souls already with your message that everyone has to do things your way or burn forever, everyone knows your 'line'. Heck if what you've been saying is all true, then you're going to be wearing a million crowns in heaven anyway!"

The pastor was fit to be tied and his face showed it. "I'll never be satisfied with the number of souls I save", he ranted. "Oh, well, then I guess we'll NEVER have any peace and quiet when you come around." The pastor's approach to heaven was like some giant pyramid marketing program, the more people you saved and then had working under your auspices to save others, the more glory you'd have in heaven. Kind of like a giant Amway in the sky.

Women live for love Phil thought, but men live for everything else too. They aren't as much prisoners to their emotions and one thing that the Bible said that he certainly agreed with was that the man should be the leader. Women tended to talk more profusely than men and this hindered them. When it gets right down to it, you have to eventually stop talking and get down to work. In his limited experience, he noted that many women and lots of men fell into the t

